

VISIT...

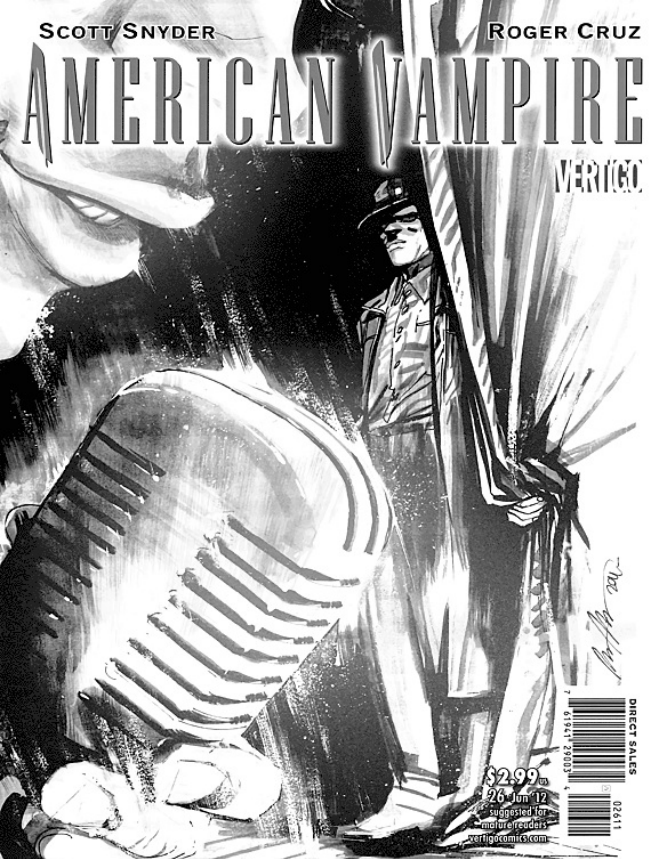
LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

SCOTT SNYDER

ROGER CRUZ

AMERICAN VAMPIRE

VERTIGO



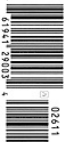
Scott Snyder

\$2.99

26 Jun '12

suggested for
mature readers

verligocomics.com



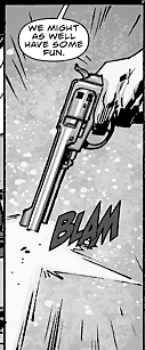
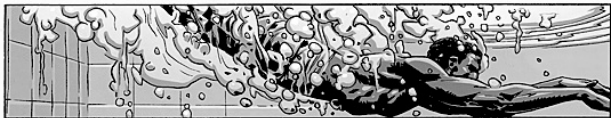
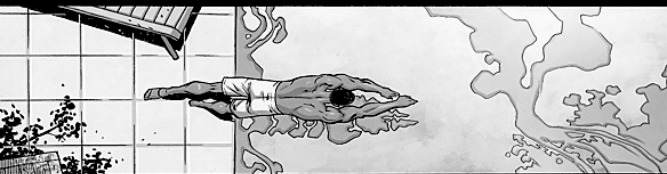
DIRECT SALES

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5 miles west of
Midway, Alabama.
1954.









EXACTLY!



TAXONOMY. IT'S THE SCIENCE OF IDENTIFICATION.

IT'S ABOUT ASSESSING ALL THE DETAILS OF A SUBJECT, THE SMALL THINGS, AND DECIDING WHETHER OR NOT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT IS SOMETHING ALREADY ON THE BOOKS, OR SOMETHING NEW.

ME, I'VE BEEN A TAXONOMIST FOR NEARLY THIRTY YEARS NOW, ON BOTH SIDES OF THE GRAVE.

AND WHEN YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT AS LONG AS I HAVE, IT'S EASY TO START FEELING LIKE THERE'S NOTHING NEW OUT THERE TO DISCOVER, NOTHING LEFT UNDER THE SUN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE.

THESE DAYS, THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF TALK ABOUT NEWNESS, ABOUT HOW THE COUNTRY IS CHANGING, EVOLVING, BECOMING SOMETHING NEW AND EXCITING.

I WANT TO BELIEVE IT, I DO, BUT THE TAXONOMIST IN ME, HE LOOKS AT THE DETAILS, THE SMALL THINGS, A GLANCE, AND SEES THE SAME OLD BEAST.

THAT MOTEL, FOR INSTANCE. THE TAXONOMIST IN ME, HE SAW THAT WOMAN BEHIND THE DESK, SHE TOOK MY NAME BUT NEVER WROTE IT DOWN.

AND THAT THE ROOM SHE GAVE ME WAS IN THE BACK, WITH A SERVICE ROAD RIGHT BEHIND IT, THE KIND OF ROAD A LOCAL BOY COULD USE TO DRIVE AWAY WITH MY THINGS WITHOUT BEING SEEN...

AND WHAT THE TAXONOMIST SEES IS THE SAME UGLY ANIMAL HE'S SEEN BEFORE.



OR THIS TOWN, FOR EXAMPLE. MIDWAY, ALABAMA. THE SIGNS POINT TO SOMETHING DIFFERENT, SOMETHING NEW. AFTER ALL, THEY INVITED A DOO-WOP GROUP TO PERFORM AT THEIR COUNTY FAIR.

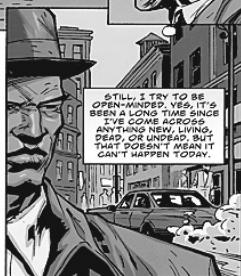
NOT JUST ANY GROUP, TOO, BUT AN INTEGRATED GROUP, ONE OF THE FIRST IN THE COUNTRY. SO DOESN'T THAT CLASSIFY THE PLACE AS NEW?



SURE IT DOES, EXCEPT FOR THE OLD MEN WHO SMILE GOOD AFTERNOON, BUT STARE A LITTLE TOO LONG.



THE CAR OF TEENAGERS SLOWING DOWN, SCOPING ME OUT. THE SCOWLS I SEE REFLECTED IN THE GLASS.



STILL, I TRY TO BE OPEN-MINDED. YES, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE COME ACROSS ANYTHING NEW, LIVING, DEAD, OR UNDEAD, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT CAN'T HAPPEN TODAY.



I TELL MYSELF YOU ARE THE PROOF, CALVIN.

BECAUSE I'M BLACK, I'M UNDEAD, AND I'M ONE OF ONLY THREE KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE NEWEST SPECIES OF VAMPIRE THERE IS, *HOMO ABO MINUM AMERICANA*.

AND IT DOESN'T GET MUCH MORE DIFFERENT THAN THAT.



BESIDES, I'M NOT HERE FOR WORK. NOT HERE TO FIND NEW VAMPIRES, OR IDENTIFY ANYTHING AT ALL.

NO, I'M JUST HERE TO LISTEN TO SOME GOOD MUSIC.

AND SEE SOMEONE I USED TO KNOW, IN ANOTHER LIFE.



THE
NIGHTTIME
IS THE RIGHT
TIME, MY
DEAR...

MY-Y-Y
DEAR.

SO DON'T,
DON'T YOU
FEAR.

I
HE-E-AR.

SO I
WAIT, IN THE
MOONLIGHT...
THE CRICKETS,
I HEAR.



AND
JUST WHEN
I THINK...



...YOU'RE NOT
COMING...



THAT'S
WHEN
YOU...



...APPEAR

SHIT.



HEY DEL,
YOU ALL
RIGHT?





CAL?



CALVIN?
YOU OUT
HERE?



CALVIN?
IF YOU'RE A
GHOST, GIVE
ME A SIGN, BIG
BROTHER.

CAL?



YOU OKAY, DEL?
WE CAN PACK IT
UP AND HEAD OVER
TO THE FAIR IF
YOU WANT.

NAH, I'M
GOOD...



...LET'S RUN THROUGH
IT ONE MORE TIME
FROM THE TOP.

STUPID, CAL.
STUPID AS HELL.

THE ORGANIZATION I WORK
FOR IS CALLED THE VASSALS
OF THE MORNING STAR. WE
HUNT VAMPIRES, ALL KINDS.

WHEN YOU
JOIN, YOU
GIVE UP
YOUR LIFE.

YOU SEVER
ALL TIES TO
THE WORLD
OF THE LIVING.

AND FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES,
I HAVE THE TAXONOMIST IN ME
LOOKS AT MYSELF AND SEES NOTHING
REALLY DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER
MEMBERS, IN THIS REGARD.

BUT THE
MAN IN ME
KNOWS
BETTER.

THE

Nocturnes











VETERANS,
SON!



RIGHT.
HOW
COULD YOU
TELL?



THE FACT
YOU STILL WEAR
YOUR TYPE ONES,
POLISHED TO
HIGH SHEEN.



I TAKE IT YOU FOUGHT
IN KORSA, WHAT
DIVISION?

SECOND
INFANTRY.

CHOSIN
RESERVOIR,
EH?

TOUGH
RIDE, SO I
HEAR.



WE'RE THE
MEN OF THE FORTY-
SECOND RAINBOW
DIVISION. CALLED US THE
"FIGHTING CANINES."
WE MAY BE OLD, BUT
WE ARE WARRIORS.
AS ARE YOU.

MEN WHO
KNOW DEATH, LIKE
US, LIKE YOU, WE ARE
A DIFFERENT SORT.
A SORT APART.



AND AS LONG AS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS IN
THAT BAND ARE HERE, YOU'LL BE UNDER OUR
WATCH. NO ONE'LL TOUCH YOU--NOT NOW, NOT
TONIGHT. YOU JUST ENJOY YOURSELF,
SOLDIER. THAT'S AN ORDER.

HELL, I'LL GIVE IT TO MIDWAY--THAT ONE
CAUGHT ME, BUT THE TAXONOMIST IN ME
KNOWS THAT BEHAVIOR BY DAYLIGHT...

...AND UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS CAN BE TWO VERY DIFFERENT THINGS.

I STILL SAY "MIDNIGHT TO MORNING" FIRST, THEN "TEARS MY DEAR."

QUIT WORRYING, DEL, IT'S GOING TO FLOW.



AND HERE COME THE PUNKS...

...RIGHT ON TIME.





YOU
DID. I'M NOT
THE BEST
LISTENER.



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
THEY'RE GOING
TO KILL YOU.



WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



THEM... THEY INVITED YOU AND
YOUR FRIENDS HERE ~~SCOOH~~
SO THEY COULD KILL YOU.
THEY DO IT ALL THE TIME.
ASK MUSICIANS DOWN...
COLOREDS.

WE WERE
TRYING TO WARN
YOU. TO TELL YOU
TO GET OUT OF
TOWN. BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE.

NOW, NOW
ZACHARY...



WHAT'D YOUR MAMA
TEACH YOU
ABOUT AIRING
DIRTY
LAUNDRY IN
PUBLIC?

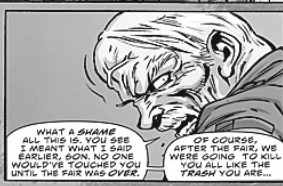


YOU MIGHT
HAVE THE WHOLE
TOWN SCARED, OLD
MAN, BUT NOT ME.
NOT US, YOU AND
YOUR WAY, IT'S OVER.
WE'RE TAKING
YOU O--



YOU WERE SAYING,
ZACHARY?

HEY,
LEAVE HIM
ALONE.



WHAT A SHAME
ALL THIS IS. YOU SEE
I MEANT WHAT I SAID
EARLIER, SON. NO ONE
WOULDN'T TOUCHED YOU
UNTIL THE FAIR WAS OVER.

OF COURSE,
AFTER THE FAIR, WE
WERE GOING TO KILL
YOU ALL LIKE THE
TRASH YOU ARE...

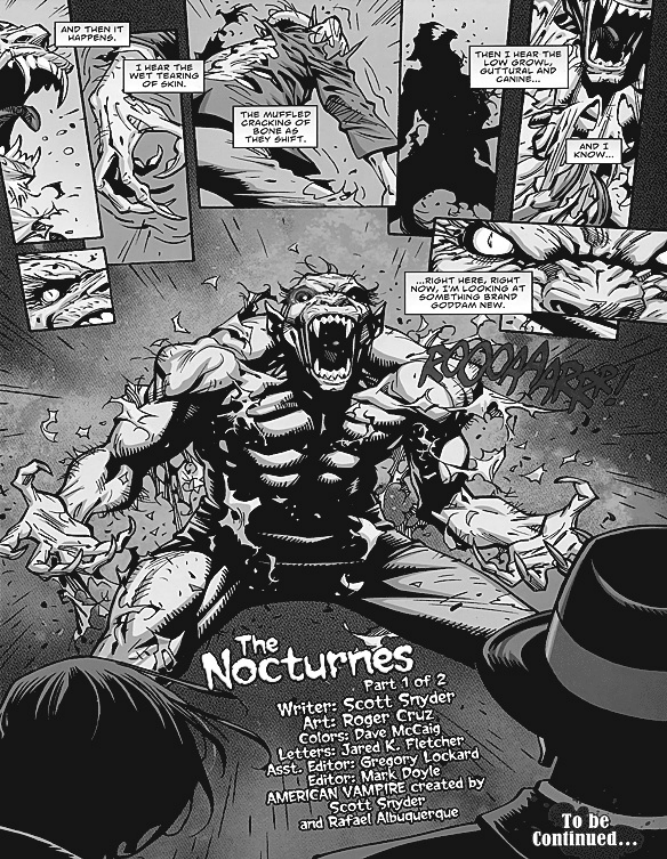


...AND
GOBBLE
YOU UP.



WE OLD MEN,
EVEN IF YOUR MUSIC
ISN'T TO OUR
TASTED, WE DO HAVE
A SPOT FOR
HARMONY.

SO WE
WERE HOPING
TO AT LEAST
HEAR YOU SING,
FIRST.



AND THEN IT
HAPPENS.

I HEAR THE
WET TEARING
OF SKIN.

THE MUFFLED
CRACKING OF
BONE AS
THEY SHIFT.

THEN I HEAR THE
LOW GROWL,
GUTTURAL AND
CANINE...

AND I
KNOW...

...RIGHT HERE, RIGHT
NOW, I'M LOOKING AT
SOMETHING BRAND
GODDAM NEW.

ROOOOAR!

The Nocturnes

Part 1 of 2

Writer: Scott Snyder

Art: Roger Cruz

Colors: Dave McCaig

Letters: Jared K. Fletcher

Asst. Editor: Gregory Lockard

Editor: Mark Doyle

AMERICAN VAMPIRE created by
Scott Snyder

and Rafael Albuquerque

To be
Continued...

ON THE

LEDGE

BY Paul Cornell

I've been living with aliens since I was a child. They'd be just over the page, scary drawings, in the UFO books I'd secretly read. They'd be in the shadows of my bedroom. They kept me awake even at college, as I searched my memories for "missing time." SAUCER COUNTRY is a title I've been researching all my life. It's about the UFO phenomenon, that original American mythology that's been exported to the world, as many-dimensional and vivid as jazz. It's about how unique accounts from honest human beings encountering the miraculous are shaped, often brutally, into archetypal tales that speak for a culture. And it's about how the military/industrial complex has always used that myth, preferring that the American public see flying saucers rather than spy planes and stealth fighters. Indeed, they took that con game as far as it could go, using it as a devastating weapon of intelligence warfare... but I'm giving away future plots.

SAUCER COUNTRY is about Arcadia Alvarado, Governor of New Mexico, a state haunted by aerospace mysteries, who's about to announce that she's running for President, when she's "abducted by aliens." (Those speechmarks are important: she doesn't know exactly what happened.) She decides she has to find out the truth, for her own sake and for her country. She only tells her inner circle of advisors what happened. She's going to use the powers of her office to investigate. But there are forces inside the political system that are already gathering to destroy her.

SAUCER COUNTRY is a political thriller that's steeped in the romance of flying saucers; "The X-Files meets The West Wing" if you will. But it's also scary. Ryan Kelly, the artist, every day delivers pages to my inbox that remind me of those early experiences with UFO books, because I'll scroll down and see something... very disturbing. We've got so used to that all-conquering archetype of the little grey alien as a cute inflatable, the star of a comedy movie. We've got this word, "probed," that always gets a laugh out of anal rape. That laughter is because we're still scared. Like out-of-touch politicians, we're terrified that what so many people tell us... might be true.

They're here. They always have been. In our heads and in our bodies. But what they are... Arcadia is going to try to find out. In SAUCER COUNTRY.

"Feed your head!"

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PAUL CORNELL is a writer of science fiction and fantasy in comics, prose and television, the only person to be Hugo-Award-nominated for all three media. He wrote three episodes of *Doctor Who*, and *DEMON KNIGHTS* for DC. His first urban fantasy novel, *Cops and Monsters*, is out from Tor Books in November.